

E L E G Y

On the Unfortunate, though Glorious Deaths, of that most Noble Prince, and Famous General
FREDERICK Duke of Schomberg,

And the Reverend and Truly Valiant

Dr. GEORGE WALKER;

Who were both unhappily Slain at the Battle of *Duleeke*, near *Dublin* in *IRELAND*, which was
Fought on the First of this instant *July*.

When mighty Fate the World designs to shake,
A Havock of the Brave she stills does make,
Whom War ne'er shook, nor Danger could control,
Take, Envyng Heaven, from Earth his fleeting Soul,
Who in all Dangers try'd, has Death out-dar'd,
When in his dreadful Shapes he most appear'd:
Great *SCONBERG* in disastrous Battel died,
Sunk not by Foes, but Fraud, Fate had deny'd;
The Scourge of *France* and *Ireland*, such a Fall
His Glory on their Infamy doth call.
Sinister practice gives the Bold his Grave,
Basely in Arms himself he ne'er wou'd save;
He cou'd not in so just a Cause be tame,
Who, *Salamander*-like, still liv'd in Flame.
Go, mighty Duke, thy Praise shall still be sung,
Where Souldiers to express thy Fame have Tongue:
Immortal thou shalt be through Earth's vast round,
And Fame in Cannon roar thy Worth shall sound;
The breathing Flame shall usher in thy Praise,
Thy name shall live whilst Earth shall want her Days.
In Peals of Thunder thy loud Praise we'll sing,
True to thy Trust, and Loyal to thy King:
But if our Sins o'er-took thee in the Flight
To Glories Summit, and in devious night.
Get thy bright Star; repent not, but look down
From Mansions of eternal Bliss, no frown
In such a Cause thy happy Sp'rit can give,
Since our victorious King does conqu'ring live,
Where-e'er the British Glory shall extend,
Thy name, Great *Schonberg*, never shall have end;
Thy Fame is precious; and we here would stay,
But that another Herse calls us away,
To mourn the Funeral of the mighty Dead,
Whose Name and Fame through all the World is spread:
Oh mighty Name, where in the Skies shall I
Lace thee, and give thee Immortality:
Like great *Alcides* in *Oetea*n Fire,
Burning in War's bright Flame the Name is higher:
When all the puzzel'd Nation stood confus'd,
Thy serious Wisdom the whole Scene perus'd:

The sinking Nation thy right hand upheld,
And all the *Dagons* near the Ark were quell'd:
True Son of Thunder, thy *Levitick* Fire
Made bold Intruders from thy Arms retire:
The Gospel with both Swords thou did'st maintain,
And all Opposer's Stratagems were vain:
Great *Boanerges*, though below you lye
Murther'd by Fraud and Popish Cruelty,
'Tis but a preparation to more Bliss,
To Crown your Loyalty with Happiness.
Repine not Blessed Shade, thy Fame's secure,
And shall whilst Earth, whilst Seas and Air endure:
Late drooping *Ireland*, in her Rolls of Fame,
Great *WALKER* ever shall Record thy Name;
Great *SCHONBERG* Links thee to a Lasting Chain,
And in Degree with his thou shalt remain:
The Foe no Boast can have in such brave Deaths,
So dearly bought with many Thousand Breaths:
The daring *French*-men in their bold Essay
Shut up their Eyes, dire War does them convey
From their dear Hopes of Gain, a Sacrifice;
The Flower of all the *Popish* Army Flies,
And in the ruin Fam'd *Tyrconnel* lies.
To noble Valour, that ne'er Spot could stain,
Such Blood whole Nations may lament in vain,
But ne'er the hasty Fates recall again.

Epitaph on His Grace the Duke of *Schomberg*.
Under this Marble lies no common Dust;
The Mars in War we to this Pile intrust;
The mighty *Schonberg* who all danger try'd,
For true Religion, and a good Cause dy'd.

Epitaph on the Reverend Mr. *Walker*, late Governour of *London-derry*.
Go mighty Levite to Triumph above;
Thou to the Sacred Cause hast shew'd thy Love,
Dying for that thy bold Arms did maintain,
The Royal Favours were not dropt in vain.
We Mourn, but can't recall the mighty Slain.

F I N I S.

